

You can't fix me

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You can't fix me

by [nat_oliver](#)

Summary

Will was raped while he was sleepwalking, and this trauma is very hard to bear. Hannibal is surprised to notice that he really loves Will and wants to comfort him, but Will don't let him get close. Hannibal is willing to show him that he will protect him and love him the way he deserves.

No beta.

Notes

Hello Guys!!!
I cried while writing this.
I hope you like it!!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

*When you try your best but you don't succeed
When you get what you want but not what you need
When you feel so tired but you can't sleep
Stuck in reverse*

*And the tears come streaming down your face
When you lose something you can't replace
When you love someone but it goes to waste
could it be worse?*

*Lights will guide you home
And ignite your bones
And I will try to fix you*

Will suddenly woke with a start.

The first thing he noticed was the horrible taste in his mouth. He had vomited. He was still very dizzy, shivering, aching, feeling the most miserable thing on earth, but soon he became aware of what was happening.

It was night, it was dark. He was lying somewhere in the middle of the woods. Barefoot, wearing only his black briefs. That explained the cold he felt. He sat and felt a terrible pain in the back and his shoulders. Will had been sleepwalking again. Again, he had left the comfort of his bed and his dogs to walk at night in a trance state.

Having the most dark nightmares because of his job was a thing, quite another thing was walk out almost naked through the streets or woods around. What had he done? What had they done to him? These were the thoughts that filled his head at that moment. He looked at his hands, they were covered with dirt and grass, but there was no blood on them. At least he had not killed anyone. Then a horrible thought occurred to him and a cold sweat ran down his spine. In desperation he ran his hand through his body looking for (God forbid) any injury.

As he found no disturbing injuries in the only place that would really worry him, he stood on shaky legs and he got back to the safety of his home. He locked the doors and closed the windows. He walked into his bathroom, turned on the shower and let the water run down his body to clear the dirt and sweat. He had scratched his back and his shoulder had a nice bruise. Apparently he had tripped and fallen in the woods.

It could have been worse.

A few weeks ago he had been sleepwalking and ended up on a highway. He just knew that when he had woken up he was in the back seat of a truck and there was a man on top of him,

touching him and hurting him. Will had managed to knock him down and went running down the road. He came home and said nothing to anyone. He walked into his bathroom and stood under the stream of water for hours to take that smell from him and even now he felt dirty.

Will did not liked to be touched, but after this event he had a real fear of any physical contact. his coworkers realized that Will was weirder than usual but said nothing. In the course of time and the familiarity they learned that there were certain issues that bothered Will, so they preferred to leave him be.

His colleagues had left him alone, but the nightmares weren't so kind. As much as Will wanted to pretend that nothing had happened, that the memories had gone down the drain along with evidences of the assault, the nightmares were always there waiting for him.

Every time he closed his eyes he saw that man's face. The smell of beer and automotive leather made him want to throw up. One day Beverly Katz touched his arm and leaned over to whisper something about the case they were investigating and Will had a panic attack. He tried to stay awake all night, cause if he slept he would have a nightmare, or worse, he would sleepwalk.

That was no life. He had to talk to someone.

Jack Crawford would say *"Don't be such a pussy. We have work to do."* Alana Bloom would say *"Poor Will."* He did not want that. He made the biggest mistake ever at calling his father, but knowing him as he knew, Will should know what his father would say.

"That's what you get for being a freak. If you were a normal person, you would not walk around while sleeping, naked like a slut on the road. It's your fault, kid, just yours. And don't cry, I don't buy your puppy face. Be a man and swallow your tears."

He hung up and sat on the floor, hugging Winston until he stops crying. Will crawled into his bed and lay there for hours, waking up and falling asleep again. He thought about telling Hannibal Lecter about it, but he did not want to see the look of pity on his face. Will spent his life dealing with his problems without the help of anyone. As his excellent father told him he would swallow the tears and pretend nothing had happened.

"I'm fine." He thought. *"It could have been much worse, I could be dead. All I have to do is to buy locks for the doors and don't think about it anymore. The more I think about it, I'll get sicker. I will not let it get under my skin."*

But it was already there.

Hannibal Lecter looked at Will who was sitting in the leather armchair across of him. The young man was looking toward the window, lost in thought for the past ten minutes and instead of Hannibal get his attention, he was more interested in studying the lines of Will's face.

Will was a handsome man. The messy curls of his hair, his big blue eyes, his jaw line, the stubble he had with the intention of look older, the glasses he wore as a shield against the piercing stares. Everything about Will Graham was beautiful.

On the day they met in Jack Crawford's office, the first thing that Hannibal had thought was that Will was weak, hiding behind his appearance as a teenager. Will was weak and unstable. Jack's puppy. He would have so much fun messing with Will's head just for the pleasure of seeing him fall, as a child destroys the castle of sand that another child had built. So Will had been rude and Hannibal thought of having him for dinner, but then it would not be that funny. He would manipulate him and see how far he could take his mind, how long he would last before he have a breakdown.

But that was before.

Hannibal has always been the kind of person who believed that the first impression of a person was what mattered. How wrong he was. After Will had began to attend his appointments in his office and after Hannibal had began accompanying him to crime scenes, the man of dark blond hair and amber eyes had changed his opinion about the young profiler. He saw with his own eyes how Will was treated by Jack Crawford and everyone around him. He watched as Will struggled with his own mind, day after day. Then Hannibal noticed that Will was not weak, he was fragile. Jack had sent Will to him to fix the damage he had done. Then new feelings started to grow inside Hannibal.

Understand one thing, Hannibal was a bad man, a monster. He killed and ate the rude indiscriminately because he didn't feel anything for them other than contempt. Will was the opposite of him, he felt too much. His empathy, his gift, his curse. Hannibal could not help comparing Will to Joan of Arc. Poor creature, plagued by visions, used by the powerful to fight demons that were not hers. Once Jack had everything he wanted from Will, he would burn him at the stake, and Will would burn. His moral and his sense of humanity would not let him fight back, neither kick or scream. Will would let himself be hurt if it meant saving the life of another person. But Will was not a martyr, he was a victim.

Hannibal first felt pity. Then he felt angry at Jack for hurt Will and angry at Will for not retaliating. When he realized that Will was like that and he would not change, Hannibal began to feel protective toward Will. That's why Hannibal was always finding excuses to go to the house of the young man with food, for he knew that if he left go, Will would not eat for days. Moreover, he had begun to find Will's company very pleasant. Hannibal was not a man of many friends, so was Will, but the two get along. He could use a friend. When he talked to William, his dark thoughts left him for a moment, it was like a fresh breeze into the hell that was his mind. He had put Will on the same level of art, and the art was very important to him. He decided he would not kill nor manipulate Will. He wanted to be the anchor that Will needed to feel stable, he wanted to be the one in which Will would seek comfort.

Hannibal was reaching Will. The profiler was opening slowly like a flower, letting Hannibal see beyond the wall he had built around him. But then it happened. Hannibal did not know exactly what had happened, but it was something serious. In the previous session, Will made jokes and even smiled. Hannibal loved seeing him smile. Then Will was gone and had not a single word for a few days and when Hannibal had received him for the therapy session, Will

seemed more introverted than ever. The look of Will was frightened, as if he was waiting for a monster to jump out of nowhere in front of him at anytime. Hannibal smelled fear and sweat coming from him, stronger than when they first met. He was always jumpy, inattentive, trembling. Like now, Will had been lost in thoughts several times and it worried the psychiatrist. He was even more concerned when he was visiting Will bringing dinner and he had noticed the locks on the doors. He wanted to make Will open up to him, but it was difficult. Will, who until then was able to maintain eye contact for more than two seconds had returned to its former state to look away and Hannibal could not afford it. He had to move.

"William?" Hannibal called. He did not use his nickname for reasons. "What's bothering you?" He asked directly.

Will winced, but did not look at Hannibal.

"I don't understand how they can do it." Will said with a trembling voice.

"What do you mean?" Hannibal asked puzzled, but happy to have gotten a reaction of the young man.

"I went to a crime scene today." Will said looking at his hands that were placed on his thighs.

"Was that so hard?"

Will nodded and sniffed.

"When you say you do not understand them, you mean the killer?" Hannibal said urging Will to speak.

"No." He shook his head. "The victims."

"Would you mind to explain?"

Will took a deep breath.

"The killer chose his victims on..." He hesitated "... on fetish websites." Will shifted bothered on the armchair. "He convinced them to meet with him, he promised that he would perform their fantasy and it ended a mess. Until now there were three girls and one man."

"So the individual was not the target, but the sexual fantasy that he was seeking?"

Will nodded again and Hannibal realized that Will shuddered again, as if he felt a chill.

"I see there is something else in that case that's bothering you, and is not the murder."

"Do you know what was the fantasy of the victims, all of them? They wanted to be raped." Will said and his tone was harsh. "They had explained in the emails they exchanged with the killer all the details of how they wanted it to happen." Will said and he looked disgusted. "I will not give you the details because it's sick."

"The human being is very creative when it comes to sexual fantasy, but that does not mean it's wrong. Each individual is seeking something different. Sometimes what is fun for some, for others it's sick."

Will finally looked up, visibly offended.

"There's nothing fun about being raped!" Will said to Hannibal with a unusual ferocity.

Everything made sense. Hannibal had put the pieces together. The mask of impartiality had slipped from Hannibal's face and Will could see that he had spoken what he shouldn't. For the first time Hannibal was wide-eyed and struggling to find words.

"William ..." Hannibal said rising from his armchair.

He didn't know what to do. He wanted to comfort Will. He wanted to take him in his arms and hold him tight and say anything to sooth his pain, but he was motionless. Instead, he stared at Will that went back to look at his hands and they were shaking now. Hannibal also realized that Will lowered his head and started crying. At that time, the alarm announcing the end of the appointment broke the silence of that office.

"It seems that my time has ended, Doctor." Will said with a cold voice before rising abruptly from his armchair.

He walked through the office toward the door, then Hannibal finally moved. He ran after Will and grabbed his forearm in an attempt to stop him, but as soon as his hand reached the forearm of the young man, he froze.

"Let me go." Will said through gritted teeth, not looking at Hannibal who would not loose the grip on his arm.

"William, how did this happen?"

"I do not wanna talk about it." Will breathed quickly. "Let me go!" He tried to loosen up, but Hannibal was stronger.

"William, listen to me. Calm down. Breathe slowly. "

Hannibal could feel that Will was about to have a panic attack, he could not let him leave the office in that state.

"Take your hands off me!" Will shouted desperate and began to pant. He was afraid of Hannibal and it made something inside him hurt.

"I will not hurt you." Hannibal said with soothing voice trying to calm Will.

"Bullshit!" Will shouted through tears and hit Hannibal's chest with clenched fists, but with no strength. "You will hurt me, like everyone else. Everybody hurts me and nobody cares!"

"I do care about you, William. I'm here with you."

"Where were you when it happened?! Where were you when that man were hurting me?!" Will shouted, then Hannibal understood that he was not seeing Hannibal in front of him, but all the people who failed to protect him. "A glass has no use if it breaks. I'm broken, and you can't fix me."

Hannibal released Will's arm and he fired toward the door, without even picking up his jacket. The young man opened the door and went out, leaving it wide open. The psychiatrist ran to the door and had time to see Will getting into his car, start the engine and leave the curb. Hannibal stood there with Will's last words echoing in his head. Will had said that Hannibal could not fix him, but he was wrong. He would do anything for Will to feel safe again, so he would never have to be afraid.

He was still on the porch watching the car disappear when Will turned on a the corner. In the distance he could hear a thunder and a cold wind touched his skin. A storm was coming.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Hello everybody!

I hope you enjoyed the first chapter.

Here's the second. This chapter is very heartbreaking, get ready to cry. I did ; (

Enjoy it!

(Will, dear, sorry.)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The rain came down

the rain came down

the rain came down on me

The wind blew strong

and Summer's song

it fades to memory.

Will parked his car in the driveway of his home in Wolf Trap and he was holding the steering wheel so hard that his knuckles turned white.

He wiped the tears from his face with the back of his hand. He was crying all the way from Hannibal's office to his home. Damn! Now he knew what had happened, now his psychiatrist-friend-whatever would not look at him with the same eyes.

Will had made this huge effort to attend the therapy imposed by Jack Crawford for him to keep his job, for the simple fact that Hannibal respected him and did not consider Will a fine china about to break. But now he knew, and the shame and humiliation Will felt was unbearable. As his father said, it was all his fault, he had let it happen.

Will could still see the look of Hannibal when he realized the truth. His wide eyes, and then the look of pity. But the reason why Hannibal's look was so unbearable was far more complicated than just the loss of respect.

The profiler was liking being close to Hannibal. And it was a novelty, because someone as fucked up as Will was, usually feels no such thing. All though his Asperger's Syndrome and mild autism helped much to distance him from the people. So it had been a surprise that he felt so at ease in Hannibal's presence, whom he knew only a few months, although he still felt unease with Alana whom he knew a few years. For God's sake, they had crossed the doctor/patient limit and now the two were friends, I mean, the friends they could be considering that one was a incubated psychopath and the other a dandy psychiatrist. Will really enjoyed Hannibal's company and the way his soothing voice made him relax. Will was even thinking about inviting him out someday, just to talk outside the office and the FBI environment. But then the shit had happened and it screwed up everything.

Will would not have the courage to look into Hannibal's face and know that he knew. Will rested his head against the seat and closed his eyes. He was so tired. He wanted to lie down to sleep and not wake up anymore, he wanted to rip his own skin to get rid of the foul smell of that man, he wanted to hit his head on the wall hard enough to crack it and who knows the memories would go away and leave him alone. He opened his eyes. The rain fell outside and the windshield of his car was already blurry. Will leaned and rested his forehead on the steering wheel and began to cry again. All was quiet there, unless by his sobs and the sound of the rain. Will had never felt so alone in his life. He closed his eyes for a moment. *'I won't sleep'* he thought. *'I'll just close my eyes for a second, I'm so tired...'*

He felt a sharp pain, that's what had woke him up. He was lying on his stomach, his face pressed against some surface of leather. He opened his eyes and saw that he was in the back seat of a car. The confusion of awakening soon went away when he felt the sharp pain again. He felt there was something heavy on top of him and with terror, he realized whence the pain was coming from.

Will began to screaming and tried to pull away, but his arms were pinned to his back.

"Oooo, you're awake, sweetheart" The person who was hurting him said sarcastically. Will could not see his face, but he could imagine the smile on his face.

"Stop!" Will begged and struggled. The man tightened his grip on Will's arm, pinning him even more. Will shouted. "Get off me!"

"Why? You came walking up to me with your own legs, offering yourself to me. Now you want me to stop? I don't think so." he chuckled.

He was inside Will, fucking him mercilessly and that hurt. Will whimpered and writhed in pain.

"No! No! Stop!" Will shouted with all the strength of his lungs. "Aaaahhh!"

He leaned over and pulled Will's hair and whispered in his ear.

"Shut up you bitch." Will started crying uncontrollably. "Do You like that? Huh? Of course you do."

"Please stop!" Will pleaded but the man laughed and fucked him deeper and harder.

"I'll fuck your ass so hard and you will beg for more."

"No! No no no no no ... " he whimpered. Tears streamed down his face.

The man was thrusting inside Will with incredible violence. Will felt his hot breath on his neck and all he could do was cry. He could not believe this was happening to him. Will was panicking. Since he kept screaming and crying, the man managed to pin the two arms of Will with one hand and with the other he covered the mouth of the profiler. Will could not breathe, the hand in his mouth didn't let the air in and the young man's vision was getting blurry. He would die there, being raped. The fear growing inside him was terrible. He had to stop that ...

Hannibal had one more patient to see after Will's appointment that afternoon, however he had not been able to focus on his work, his head was elsewhere. While his patient was telling the monologue of his life, Hannibal thought about Will and what had happened to him. Involuntarily his mind worked, making him wonder how this thing had happened. Hannibal imagined how much pain he had felt, the fear he had felt being dominated and violated. Poor Will.

Then his thoughts took a darker direction. Hannibal began to think about the things he would do to the man who dared to touch Will. Hannibal was a killer, a monster, but he was not a rapist. In his opinion, rapists were scum, and he already thought so before he met Will. He believed that rape was the worse kind of rudeness that one could practice. This coming from a serial killer who killed and ate his victims, but it was true. His crimes were cruel, but there was art in them, meaning, and he could say with certainty that the world was better off without the people he had hunted. He was doing a favor to the humanity by getting rid of these rude people. But rape? He repudiated this thing. There were other ways to show power.

Hannibal would make Will tell him everything and when he did, Hannibal would hunt this man and kill him in a very painful way.

When the time of his last patient ended, Hannibal accompanied him to the door and said goodbye. He looked at the sky. It was still afternoon, but dark the clouds in the sky made it seem like it was night already. The rain was beginning to fall, but it was still a light rain and Hannibal decided that he would go to Wolf Trap to see if Will was alright. Something told him that Will needed him.

Hannibal went back inside, grabbed his coat and was heading toward the door when he glanced at Will's jacket still hanging in the armchair. Hannibal came back and took the jacket in his hands and brought to his nose and inhaled. It had Will's scent. Feverish sweat, dog hair

and traces of that odious aftershave. Hannibal stood there for a moment holding the jacket close to his face as the realization of what was happening hit him.

He loved that smell. How many times he had found himself coming close to Will surreptitiously to inhale his scent? That day he had given that lame excuse that Will's aftershave bothered him, he knew it was a lie, he knew that now. He loved Will's scent as he loved his tousled hair, his ridiculous glasses and his cheap shirt. These things bothered him because he loved these things and they fought against his refined taste.

He loved Will, that was the truth.

He folded Will's jacket and left the office, locking the door behind him. He would not go home, he would go straight to Wolf Trap. With some luck, he could get there before the rain gets worse.

Because of the rain, the path from his office in Baltimore to Wolf Trap took a while and when he finally arrived in Will's lands, it was already dark night. The rain had become worse and the cold wind was relentless, breaking and tearing down trees along the way. But Hannibal did not know it yet.

The first thing Hannibal noticed as soon as he parked his car in front of that house was that it was dark, no light was on at Will's home and Hannibal could hear the yelps of the dogs, curious to see who had arrived. As it was dark, Hannibal took a flashlight that he always kept in the glove compartment. He turned up the collar of his coat and left the car.

He would walk straight to the porch, but when he passed by Will's car he had to take a few steps back. The driver's door was open, wide open, and there was no sign of Will. At that moment Hannibal felt a chill. He knew that Will would not leave the door wide open for anyone to come and steal his car. Swallowing dry, Hannibal approached the car and used the flashlight to illuminate the interior. He found Will's messenger bag in the passenger seat and the keys in the ignition. Hannibal took the key from the ignition and saw that Will had the house key in same set, then he had not entered the house. Hannibal tried to ignore the panic rising inside him, he had to focus on the things in front of him. Will was somewhere out there, probably disoriented in the middle of a storm.

But Hannibal had to be sure.

He took the messenger bag from the passenger seat, got out and locked the car. He ran to the porch and cursed himself for not bringing an umbrella. He opened the front door with the key he had in his hands and Winston practically jumped on him, licking his hand and sniffing the Will's bag. Hannibal thought that the dog must be wondering where Will was.

"William?" he shouted into the darkness of the house but had no response.

The other dogs approached Hannibal wagging their tails and whining excited. They did not jump over Hannibal, trying to keep a safe distance, something which Hannibal was very grateful. Hannibal tried to find the light switch with the flashlight and found it on the wall near the door, he tested it but it did not work, the power has gone. Some tree must have fallen into the power grid nearby.

"William!" He called again.

Hannibal placed the bag on the couch. He went to the kitchen and searched the bowls of food and water and they were empty. If Will were at home he would have fed his dogs, even he was upset he would not fail in this task. More to take the dogs out of their way, Hannibal filled the bowls of food and water and called them. Everyone came and ate happily. Hannibal returned to the living room and saw that Winston was scratching at the door, whimpering and staring at Hannibal.

"What do you want? Do you want to go out there? It's raining outside." Hannibal asked Winston, with no idea why he was talking to a dog.

Winston barked loudly and returned to scratch the door. Hannibal approached the dog and stared at him. There was something strange about that dog.

"Where is Will, Winston?" Hannibal asked seriously.

Again, Winston barked and scratched the door and looked back at Hannibal as if he knew something that the psychiatrist did not know. Hannibal frowned and opened the door and Winston ran across the field.

"Winston" Hannibal yelled angrily.

Since the other dogs were too busy eating, none of them came to join Winston. Hannibal snorted and closed the door behind him and started running after the dog in that storm with a flashlight in hand. Winston ran toward the trees and Hannibal followed him. They entered the woods and Hannibal wondered why he was chasing a dog while he should be looking for Will.

As they entered the woods, Hannibal realized how that land was irregular. Winston walked sniffing as if he was sure where he was going and then he disappeared from sight. Hannibal saw the direction in which the dog went and followed him. It took a while to catch up with him and when he reached him, he almost fell.

Lying there beneath a tree was Will and Winston was licking his cheek.

Hannibal ran to him and knelt beside him. Hannibal could see the young man with the flashlight and saw that he was apparently unconscious, soaked and shivering. Wasting no more time, Hannibal took off his coat and covered Will with it. Hannibal carefully made Will sit. With one arm and holding him by the waist and the other behind his knees he pulled Will off the ground easily.

"Let's go Winston!" Hannibal called and the dog obeyed cheerfully. "Good boy." He said to the dog.

Now that he had found Will, he would take care of him.

Comments please!

The third and last chapter comes out tomorrow.

Don't worry, William will be hugged.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the angst.
fluffy things going forward.
(Will, darling, Hanni loves you!)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*There was a boy
A very strange enchanted boy
They say he wandered very far, very far, over land and sea
A little shy, and sad of eye
But very wise was he
And then one day
One magic day he passed my way
And while we spoke of many things
Fools and kings
This he said to me:
The greatest thing
You'll ever learn
Is just to love
And be loved in return*

Hannibal carried the young man through the field being closely followed by the yellow dog.

"We're almost there Will, hold on." Hannibal said to Will but he didn't respond.

He was worried about Will. Apparently, he had slept in the car and sleepwalked to the woods without a coat in the rain. It wasn't for nothing that he was shivering . His focus was to take Will to his house, get him dry and make sure he was okay.

Hannibal managed to open the door of the house without disturbing the man in his arms. He got in and Winston followed them. The dog shook himself to get rid of the water that soaked his fur. Hannibal saw the dog lie down comfortably on a corner of the room and stay there, apparently glad to have found its owner.

The doctor gently laid Will on the couch in the living room and touched his forehead. Will was cold. Hannibal didn't want to admit it, but he was lost, he didn't know what to do. He straightened up and rubbed his chin, trying to think clearly. One thing he was sure, he had to

warm up the dark-haired man, and he had to do it fast. However they were in the middle of a power outage. Will should take off those wet clothes and take a hot shower but there was no hot water. The stove would not work either, but he could not let Will in that state, risking getting seriously ill or have a hypothermia.

He looked around and his eyes found the fireplace and then a thought occurred to him.

Hannibal walked to the fireplace and found a matchbox there. He lit the fire easily and went up the stairs to the second floor with the flashlight in hand. He got in the room and went straight to the closet, opening the door and looking for something he could use. Hannibal grabbed some soft blankets and clean towels. That would be enough. He ran down the stairs and found Will in the same position in which he had left him. Hannibal extended one of the blankets on the floor of the living room in front of the fireplace and came close to Will that still had not moved, he should be exhausted.

Gently, Hannibal started to undress the sleeping man. First he took off his shoes and socks and placed them on the side of the couch. He knew that Will would hate him for what he was about to do, but it was necessary. He took off the coat in which Will was wrapped up and began unbuttoning his soaked shirt. He was shaking so much. Hannibal made Will sit and the shirt slipped off his shoulders. Hannibal freed his wrists from the sleeves of the shirt and laid him on the couch again. Hannibal sighed before starting to work with the buttons and zipper of Will's pants, being careful not to touch his skin more than necessary. Once Will was wearing only his underwear, Hannibal picked one of the towels we had brought and began to dry him gently.

Now Will was dry, but he was still shaking from head to toe. With ease, Hannibal managed to move him from the couch to the blanket on the floor where it was already warm. Hannibal laid Will there and covered him with another blanket.

Hannibal stood up and looked down at his own clothes that were wet too. He undressed quickly but also kept the underwear while he dried himself with another towel. He wrapped it around his waist, since Will was smaller and skinnier than he and none of his dry clothes would suit him. He grabbed the wet clothes and went to the bathroom on the first floor, placing them in a corner there. He would take care of it later. Now he had to take care of Will.

"No. .. no! Please ... don't!" Hannibal heard a muffled voice.

Hannibal ran back to the living room where he had left Will. The young man was squirming, kicking the blanket with his feet, trying to pull away from something that was not there. He was having a nightmare. The doctor knelt beside Will and he saw the distress in his face, all the fear, all the pain. Hannibal saw tears dripping from his closed eyes. He couldn't resist the urge to touch his face. Will flinched.

Hannibal felt helpless. Will was reliving all the pain in his nightmare and he could do nothing, he could not go back in time and prevent what happened. But he could try to comfort Will. The doctor pulled the blanket from Will and lay beside him, wrapping an arm around him.

Will was still shaking so much and he was so cold. Hannibal brought him closer to warm him with the heat of his body and also to prevent him to get hurt while struggling in his sleep. The best position for this was to cover Will's body with his own and that's what he did. In this position, Hannibal had a good view of Will's face and he could not deny that this proximity was amazing. In other circumstances, he would have been very happy to be so close to Will and be able to feel Will's skin against his.

At that moment he saw Will open his eyes slowly, finally waking up and their eyes met. In just a second, his face changed from confused to terrified and Will started struggling to get loose from Hannibal's arms.

"No! No!" He screamed and kicked.

"William, it's okay." Hannibal said, but did not move.

"Get off me!" Will screamed and his eyes filled with tears. He was panicking.

Hannibal understood Will's fear, after all, he was practically naked with another naked guy on top of him. The memories of the rape were working to get him into panic. But then Hannibal said with soothing voice.

"Ssshhh, calm down. It's me, look at me." Hannibal held his face in his hands and made Will look into his eyes. Will's face was heartbreaking. "You know me, you know I'm not going to hurt you. It's okay."

"No. .." Will burst into tears and stopped struggling, going limp in Hannibal's arms.

Hannibal looked at Will. He was so fragile, he was so broken. Hannibal wished he could put all the pieces together and make Will whole again. He wanted to make Will feel safe and loved and he would do it, even if it take a long time, even if Will resisted at first. He would hold Will make his fears disappear.

"William, you were sleepwalking in the rain and I'm afraid that you may be hypothermic. We need to cuddle for a while for you to warm up, but we can find another position for that, if it makes you feel more comfortable. Okay?"

Will did not answered, just kept crying. Hannibal pulled away from Will and supported on one elbow beside him. He made Will lie on his side so they were staring each other. The two were close enough but Will didn't need to feel trapped. Hannibal held Will's chin, making him look at him.

"You don't have to be afraid of me, William." Hannibal said with soothing voice.

The doctor hugged Will and brought him closer. Will tensed and whimpered.

"Okay, relax. It's okay now. I got you, and I will not let you go."

Will had no strength to resist and he buried his face in Hannibal's chest and began to weep. All the sadness that he felt was pouring out of him like a waterfall. Hannibal hugged him

tight. With one hand Hannibal stroked Will's hair and with the other hand he rubbed his back in gentle circles to sooth him. Suddenly he felt Will relaxing in his arms.

How many times had he imagined himself in Hannibal's arms as he was now? How many times had he wanted to be normal, to have courage to trust this man? Those arms were not hurting him, the touch of Hannibal's hands was soft and all that Will wanted was to stay there forever. But he knew that it was not possible. Hannibal did not look at him with those eyes. Probably the doctor was just doing it for the friendship between the two and this was painful.

"I'm here. You're not alone." Hannibal kissed Will's forehead and as a response he got a heartbreaking hiccup. "My love."

Will sniffed and pulled away a little and looked at Hannibal with a puzzled look. He frowned.

"Yes. My love." Hannibal said with an affectionate smile, assuring him that he really meant what he said. "It took me a while to understand my feelings for you, but I understand now. I want you Will." Will frowned and tried to pull away, but Hannibal hugged him tight and then he added. "I want you in my life."

"Don't say that." Will said with a trembling voice. "Don't say that."

"But it's true. Unless you don't want me. "

"Hannibal ... I ... " Will stammered looking away.

Will wanted Hannibal. God, he wanted him so much. Hannibal's arms were warm and strong and Will felt safe there.

"I want you, but I do not know how to do this." He admitted. "I don't know how o make it work. I've been alone for so long." He hiccuped again.

"We'll find a way." Hannibal smiled and that smile was everything that Will had dreamed of. "May I kiss you?" Hannibal said with that accent that Will loved.

Will felt his heart race. He was scared, he was terrified, but then that was Hannibal, his Hannibal. He would not hurt him, he was there accepting Will with all his problems. Will nodded shyly and Hannibal leaned over and kissed his lips slowly, making the young man moan softly.

Hannibal's lips were soft and warm, just like Will thought it would be. Will parted his lips and Hannibal bit his lower lip. His hand kept rubbing Will's back and when it begun to exploring his body Will broke the kiss, breathless. That was too much. It was too soon for him to venture to do 'things'.

"I'm sorry." Will said and for a moment Hannibal thought that Will would burst into tears again. However, Will just leaned his forehead against Hannibal's. "I need time to... you know."

"It's all right. Let's not rush anything." Hannibal assured and hugged him tight. "I'm a very patient man."

Will nodded and closed his eyes. He took a deep breath and inhaled Hannibal's scent. Even his scent was soothing. Then Will realized that something was not fitting.

"How did you find me?" Will asked curiously.

"Winston." Hannibal said with a smile. "I think I'm starting to like dogs after all."

Will smiled and snuggled in Hannibal's chest. It was too good to be true. For them both, it was the beginning of a new story. A story that could be beautiful. Hannibal would learn how to love, and Will would learn how to be loved.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Someone hugs Will Graham
The fic ends here, but there will be an epilogue
Maybe I'll make a series.
who knows
comments please!!!!

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Just a epilogue
I hope you like it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Epilogue

The crime scene was in a clearing near a highway. Will was in the middle of a lecture when Crawford had called him saying it was one more crime of the Ripper. He gave him the address and said that this murder was a little different from the usual design of the Ripper, but he was positive that it was a work of the killer and that's why he needed Will.

The profiler didn't hide his displeasure before hanging up the phone. He had spent two blessed weeks without being pestered by Crawford and he wanted this brief time of peace to last forever. He haven't had no nightmares and no sleepwalking episodes, and the reason was Hannibal Lecter.

Since that stormy night, the two begun to see each other every day and sleep together every night. Will realized that his night terrors couldn't reach him when he slept in Hannibal's protective arms, and the psychiatrist was more than willing to help.

Hannibal ...

Will didn't know exactly what they had. They were not doctor and patient has been a while, and friends do not kiss the way they kissed and even slept together. However, he could not call Hannibal his lover cause they had not done 'things' yet. Hannibal was being patient as he promised he would be and Will was grateful for that. The blond man with amber eyes was an ocean of love and understanding, but Will knew that sooner or later some intimacy would have to happen and that thought caused him chills. The trauma was still difficult to overcome, but Hannibal was so loving that when the time came, Will was sure, it would be wonderful.

However, Hannibal made Will tell him everything. All of it. Hannibal had said it would be good for him to get this out of his chest. Will had blocked much of what had happened, then Hannibal had used hypnosis. After a few hours of crying, cuddles and hot tea, Will actually felt better, and once he had opened to Hannibal, they did not talk about it anymore. It was then that the fear was gone, replaced by a sense of security that Will had never felt before. It was perfect.

But Then, the Ripper had struck again and his peace ran out the door. He hated the fact that this murderer messed this much with him. He hated the fact that this killer crime scenes were as beautiful as it was grotesque and he really hated knowing that they may never find out who this guy was.

Like a lamb going to the slaughter, Will walked toward the clearing watching the officers that isolated place. The Lab team was already there to process the corpse. Jack Crawford spotted him coming and walked toward him. Will braced himself for what was to come.

"Hello Will." Jack greeted him briefly. "As I said on the phone, the design is a little bit different."

"What changed?"

"Well .." Jack hesitated and turned to go back to the cluster of officers around the body and Will followed him. "I've already called Dr. Lecter, he should be arriving anytime soon." He said as he reached the body.

Will held his breath for a moment.

The corpse was lying on the ground, naked, one plastic tarp covered him from the waist down. He had iron pipes, knives and other sharp objects adorning his body like a painting of St. Sebastian. His abdomen was opened and the internal organs were not there, a Chesapeake Ripper work, of course. However, what was making Will's legs and hands shake was the victim's face, a face he would never forget. The victim was the man who had raped him.

Beverly Katz was taking pictures of the corpse and she glanced at the man next to Jack who had wide eyes and seemed to be struggling not to vomit right there.

"Will? Are you okay?" she asked with worry.

Will shook his head and ran to a nearby tree, where he sat back and threw everything he had in his stomach. Will couldn't do it, he couldn't. Beverly approached slowly, as if approaching a wounded animal and waited for him to calm down a bit before she start talking.

"Tell him to fuck off!" Will said, feeling a bad taste in his mouth, imagining that Jack had sent her for not having the balls to drag Will back to where the body was.

Beverly smiled comprehensive.

"I wish." She had a digital camera in his hands. "Will, I know that this shit messes with you. I would not ask you to dive into the Ripper's head in the state that you are, but Uncle Jack wants answers." She shook her head. "This one is different."

"It seems to me it's like the others." Will said trying to hide the crack in his voice.

"See for yourself." Beverly gave him the camera and Will took it with trembling hands.

The first pictures showed the body as Will had seen it, the others were far more disturbing, showing what was hidden. Will almost let the camera fall from his hand when he saw it.

"I've seen the Ripper murders before but he had never mutilated the genitals of his victims." Beverly told to a wide-eyed Will.

"Hey, guys, come see this!" They heard Brian Zeller said with a tone of surprise.

In a second, the whole team was around the body of the rapist, and Will could not help but feel sick just in approaching him. Brian Zeller had moved the body, leaving it turned sideways and exposing the back of the corpse. Everyone was in awe when they see the words 'For You' carved into his back with a scalpel.

That was a message.

A message?

Will begun to think, putting the pieces together. This was the man who had raped him. The Ripper had killed him. The Ripper had already sent messages to Will through his crimes before. The message was addressed to Will. 'For You'. The Ripper knew who the man was and what he had done to Will. But the only person who knew what had happened besides his father was ...

"Dr. Lecter" Will heard Jack greet the doctor who finally arrived at the crime scene.

Will had his back to him, but he knew Hannibal was coming towards him. Will's heart began to race, sweat dripped on his forehead. He felt the man to come close to him, so close that Will could feel his hot breath on his neck.

"William." He heard Hannibal Lecter's voice close to his ear, a whisper so no one would hear. "Did you like the gift I gave you?"

Chapter End Notes

The end???

Comments please!!!!!!!!!!!!

End Notes

AAAwww, I want to hug Will. sniff.

Comments please!!

Second part tomorrow!!!

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